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THE MESSAGE.

"THE only possible antidote is the truth uttered plainly and often," said President Wilson in that memorable speech yesterday. That was his message to our allies, rife with controversy that might have been avoided by less "diplomacy" and more frank honesty. Russia, he said, has been poisoned by poison administered by the same hand that lead the German common people to ruin. And the statement may well have been prompted by that secret agreement between England, France and Russia with Italy, assuring the latter great stretches of territory for her participation in the war, published by the Russians in Petrograd, and of which this country's leaders knew nothing.

"We owe it to ourselves to say we don't wish in any way to impair or rearrange the Austro-Hungarian empire," said the president. "It is no affair of our what they do with their own life, either industrially or politically. We don't propose to dictate to them. We desire only to see their affairs left in their own hands."

In his speech Wilson voiced the sentiments of the great American people far better than could have any other man. Again he carefully draws the line between the German people and their blood mad rulers. Again does he assure the world that the United States entered the war, not to gain conquest or economic advantages, but to crush the beast of Prussian militarism.

Of the league of nations to prevent a repetition of the world catastrophe, he said: "The partnership must be a partnership of peoples, and not a mere partnership of governments. The wrongs, the very deep wrongs, committed during this war must be righted, but they cannot—must not—be righted by commission of similar wrongs against Germany or her allies. The world won't permit the commission of similar wrongs as a means of reparation and settlement." And what are those wrongs but the seizure of territories and peoples "by right of conquest"? Thus does the president answer the annexationists, the apologists of conquest. His attitude has in no wise changed since his message to the pope, in which he disavowed desire for annexation or forcible indemnities.

He speaks direct to the German people and one cannot believe that they will fail to appreciate his wisdom and American motives. "The worst thing that can happen to the detriment of the German people is this that, if they should still, after the war is over, continue to be obliged to live under ambitious, intriguing masters interested in disturbing the peace of the world, men or classes of men, whom other people of the world couldn't trust, it might be impossible to admit them to a partnership of nations which must henceforth be a guarantee of the world's peace." And he solemnly warns the German people: "It might be impossible also in such an untoward circumstance to admit Germany to that free economic intercourse which must inevitably spring out of a partnership of real peace."

Pacifists who have insisted that the war aims of the United States are not clear become merely absurd in the light of Wilson's straight statement that peace will come—"when the German people have spokesmen whose word we can believe and whom those spokesmen are ready to receipt the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the basis of law for the world."

In the hands of President Wilson the affairs of America at war are safe. He sees the situation clearly, knows what must be done to change it, and is proceeding to it courageously and intelligently.

MORE ECONOMY.

"BUSINESS as usual" cannot be the guiding phrase for America at war, said Secretary McAdoo today at Washington. The necessity of greater economy McAdoo emphasizes in the following words:

"What is of superlative importance in the readjustment that must take place is that our people shall be impressed with the necessity of economizing in the consumption of articles of clothing, food and fuel, and of every other thing which constitutes a drain upon the available supplies, materials and resources of the country. Everything wasted now is little short of criminal."

"So far as I have been able to observe, the American people are not sufficiently aroused to the necessity of economy and of saving in this really serious time, not only in the life of America, but of the nations of the world. Up to the present there has been a relatively small denial of pleasures, comforts and conveniences on the part of the average citizen. He is drawing upon the general store of supplies in the country with almost the same freedom as before America came into the war. This cannot continue without serious hurt to the nation and to the world. The great financial operations of the government cannot be carried successfully unless the people of the United States economize in every possible direction, save their money and lend it to the government."

TIME TO THINK IT OVER.

JOHN MILLER, anti-American and loud-mouthed defamer of the flag, is thinking it over in jail. That is a mighty good place for men of his ilk to think it over. He will have many long days to ponder over his estimate of the extent of American tolerance. Miller got two months, a sentence none too drastic, but one that will prove probably sufficient, inasmuch as federal authorities will have a little interview with him when his term expires.

SOLDIERS' READING.

AMERICAN soldiers in France, through the newspaper correspondents, inform the American people that they lack reading matter. They say that the comparatively small quantity of magazines and newspapers which has been arriving is eagerly read. Some of the publications pass through dozens of readers' hands until the pages actually are in fragments and are thus read by the others.

Stay-at-homes should take immediate notice. Magazines, books, newspapers. Magazines and papers need no address—only a recent stamp pasted on the cover—no wrapping, no bother at all. Don't throw yours away hereafter. Send them overseas.

"The Fighting Trail"

EPISODE SEVEN—"THE LION'S PREY."

"Now that we have changed our position, I'll ask you, my dear girl, just as I was asked, will you be so kind as to turn over the other half of the chart? I would not care to take any bold steps, but, I might remind you, you are holding something which would warrant my risking almost anything to obtain."

Gwyn, as he rode at a rapid gait down the trail, looked back once or twice to assure himself that all was well at the barn. He did not fear leaving Nan alone with Von Bleck, for the prisoner had been securely bound and could scarcely move, he thought, let alone escape.

Suddenly, as he rounded another turn to the trail, his horse stopped short. Gwyn's hand, almost automatically, reached down to his holster. But a few feet ahead, riding leisurely along the trail, was Captain Rawls, the man Gwyn was on his way to town to meet—the man, in fact, that Von Bleck had confessed held the other part of the chart to the cinnamon mine.

Rawls' horse stopped almost as abruptly as had Gwyn's, but his rider was not as alert. When he lifted his eyes to see what had caused the unexpected halt, he found himself looking directly into the business end of Gwyn's revolver. He started, surprised and frightened, and obeyed Gwyn's command to dismount. Reluctantly Rawls allowed Gwyn to remove his revolver from his belt and then, from the bosom of his shirt, he extracted the half of the chart. Gwyn took it from him, glanced at it to make sure that he had obtained what he desired and not a blank sheet of paper, and put it in his pocket. Then, ordering Rawls to walk ahead, he turned his horse about and drove slowly back toward the barn where he had left Von Bleck and Nan.

When he arrived within about a hundred yards of the barn Gwyn dismounted and approached the dilapidated structure from the side, keeping Rawls always in front of him, covered with his revolver. A few feet from the door, Gwyn stopped and listened. He could hear the breathing voice of Von Bleck addressing Nan. At first he could not hear what the agent of the central powers was saying, and then the words reached his ears plainly. There was a sarcastic sneer in the tone.

"You can tell your friend, Mr. Gwyn, that I was very sorry I could not wait until he returned, but important business made it imperative for me to leave immediately."

"Fortunately, I arrived before you left, so you can negotiate your business with me directly," Gwyn said as he strode across the threshold and beheld Von Bleck looking slowly toward him while Nan sat helplessly upon the box where the prisoner had been tied. Von Bleck wheeled in astonishment. Gwyn's return was the last thing he had expected. In his hand he held Nan's gun, and he attempted to turn quickly and fire upon Gwyn, but discovered that, upon facing the door, he was in a direct line to receive fire from the easterner's own weapon. He had

been covered first, and there was nothing for him to do but meekly surrender. Rawls, standing with a stowl in the doorway, regarded the whole scene in disgust. He seemed ready to pounce upon Von Bleck and thrash him for having told Gwyn that he had the chart. Gwyn obtained the remaining half of the map from Von Bleck without trouble, folded it and placed it carefully in his pocket with the other, and ordered the central powers' representative and Rawls out of the barn.

"The two of you," he said curtly and with a sternness that made both Von Bleck and Rawls heed his words, "had better get on your horses and ride out of town. If you want to be perfectly safe, my advice is that you keep on riding even then."

Dejectedly, and realizing that they had been defeated, Von Bleck and his confederate mounted and rode down the trail toward the town of Lost Mine. Gwyn and Nan watched them until they had disappeared from view and then turned their attention to the map. The two portions, placed together, made a clear chart of the location of Corboda's cinnamon mine. Nan and Gwyn, now that they had procured the chart, decided to find the exact location without further loss of time. Balterman, in New York, Gwyn explained, would soon be requiring more of the cinnamon to continue the manufacture of the explosive, and, if they did not hurry their operations, the whole nation would suffer. So, replacing the chart in his pocket, Gwyn led the way, and together they rode along the trail to a point where a group of three pine trees, marked on the map, showed they were approaching their destination. But Gwyn, in overcoming Von Bleck and Rawls, had forgotten that there remained another of the outlaw band, with which he had to cope. Drant, the third confederate, had remained in the mountains searching for the mine when Rawls had left him to return to the town, where he had intended to meet Von Bleck. Now, as Gwyn and Nan approached, Drant was but a short distance away. He was attracted by the sound of their horses, and saw them coming up the trail. As they halted by the pines to consult the chart, he hid and decided to watch them. The two dismounted, fastened their horses, and commenced the dangerous undertaking of fording the river which separated them from the entrance to the mine. Drant, creeping cautiously behind the underbrush which hid him, followed.

Outside, the limbs of the pines cracked in the mountain wind with a dry, crackling sound. It was very dark and very lonesome in the thickness of the forest, but impenetrable blackness or the solitude of the hills reached neither the eyes nor into the feelings of the little gathering in the brilliantly lighted room of the Lost Mine hotel. John Gwyn and Nan Lawton were conversing both happily and seriously with a tall, robust individual, a stranger to Gwyn. The stranger, whose features, despite his jovial tones and jocular manner, were firm in their expression of sternness and determination, was William Casey—known to the community as "Bill," a strong, sturdy, Irish-American who had come to Lost Mine a few years previous in search of his fortune and was still searching.

"We located the mine this afternoon," Gwyn said, and his smile reflected the enthusiasm revealed in his voice. "It is now imperative that I arrange for the immediate development of the mine and the shipment of the cinnamon to New York. The organization which I am representing is eager that no time be lost, and the days that have been consumed by our strife with the central powers, in the form of Von Bleck, have been precious ones. We must catch up now."

"Mr. Casey, since you are at the head of the vigilance committee hunting down the murderers of Don Carlos and Yaqul Joe, the developments of the future will depend greatly upon you."

"My warrants," replied Casey, "call for only Rawls and Drant. Von Bleck, for some reason beyond my jurisdiction, is not included."

"If you get the men you are after—it's a pity that I didn't hold Rawls when I had him—Von Bleck will be practically helpless to interfere with us," Gwyn said. "As soon as operations are begun I am going to install you as manager of the mine. Nan tells me that you have had a great deal of experience along these lines, and are just the man I need. I hope that by that time, Nan will be my wife. We plan to be married within the next few weeks, you know."

During the few months that immediately followed the little town of Lost Mine enjoyed the greatest boom in its history. It was fairly alive with busy, bustling humanity, hurrying to and fro, each absorbed with his own important mission. The village, from the town proper to the mine, lost, as it was, amidst the wilds of the unsettled and dismal Sierras, resembled a busy ant-hill with thousands of scurrying ants, set in the center of an open field. And prosperity came with the new life. The opening of the mine had created a demand for men, and the majority of the town's idle population was employed in the task of taking the cinnamon from the mine and preparing it for shipment to the East. As a result, the neighborhood was scattered over with little wooden houses, built in the quickest and cheapest manner possible. Gwyn and Nan, who had been married as they had planned, lived in a picturesque cabin but a short distance from the main shaft of the mine. Their wedding had been one of the most important, and surely the gayest, events of the year. Practically the entire town had turned out at the Lost Mine hotel, and from that time on, the young couple had been the most popular folk in town.

Casey, soon after his appointment as the head of the vigilance committee,

had taken up his duties with an ardor that was not merely inspired by his desire for work. He had been stimulated by a natural love for a fight, and the problem of ridding Lost Mine of Drant and Rawls and putting a stop to the outrages caused by Von Bleck offered many opportunities for him to satisfy the love. He had rounded the three men, as well as a goodly number of confederates who had joined them, in a little hut in the mountains, only to lose them again when they escaped by the ruse of swinging to the limb of a tree through a trap door in the roof, and making their getaway in the dark. Finally, however, Casey's persistent activities and his apparent determination to round up the gang so frightened the fugitives that they had disappeared and evidently had decided that the healthiest thing to do was to attend to their own affairs and allow Gwyn to carry on his plans unmolested. For a time one of Von Bleck's new confederates, known as "One-Lung" and notorious as a former New York gunman, continued to annoy the young engineer, but he, also, finally vanished and nothing more was heard from him.

(To Be Continued.)
 ODD ARIZONA HOMES.

(By Associated Press.)
 SOLOMONSVILLE, Ariz., Dec. 4.

Houses built in part from the household debris of some race, the history of which no one has any knowledge, is a peculiar feature of this village. Fragments of pottery, very numerous in certain localities, become mixed in the adobe clay of the large sun-dried bricks of which the houses are constructed, serving as a sort of binder. Thus, any householder may stand by the walls of his domicile and with his pocket knife dig out pieces of beautifully decorated and glazed pottery, fashioned, perhaps, thousands of years ago. Also, figuring as a common stone in the low foundation it is quite possible to find one or more of the rude mortars in which some prehistoric housewife ground her corn.

The water-jar of a majority of the families here is one of the ancient ollas, made of pottery, some over two feet in height, hundreds of which have been dug up in perfect condition in this valley. It is well established that from the Rio Gila those ancient residents took water for irrigation, as traces of their canals have been found by modern builders of the same utility. Above this village the foundation walls of their communal houses extend for several miles, thus prompting the first Mexican settlers to call the region Ciudad Vieja, meaning an ancient village.

What seems to be needed in Northern Italy just now is some old-fashioned Roman punch.—Birmingham Ledger.

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 Office: Miners' Drug Store

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS ARRIVING AT FRONT

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, Dec. 5.—Christmas mail for the troops has commenced to arrive in the American zone. In one town alone a thousand sacks were delivered. Some of the packages had written on them "Open at Christmas" and similar inscriptions.

The American post offices have made every plan to keep the mails moving from them to the post offices where the addressees are quartered. Many of the offices are small, and it is feared unless they are constantly kept cleared congestion may result from the heavy Christmas mail that is expected.

OPEN PUBLIC LANDS.

(By Associated Press.)
 WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—Restoration to the public domain from the Monzano national forest of 96,500 acres of land in Central and Western New Mexico and 27,700 acres in Northeastern Arizona was announced today by Secretary Lane. The lands, generally of grazing character, will be subject to homestead after 9 a. m. February 11, next, and to settlement and other forms of distribution after February 18.

Do not lose the chance and get straight to the Vienna Bakery, where you can get bread 24 hours old at the following prices:
 Wholeloaf 10c
 Other Kinds 5c
 This bread is practically as fresh as any, and, furthermore, don't you think it is a shame to pay 25c a loaf for bread, whereas you can get the same at half that price?
 Don't forget that the Progress Bakery and the Vienna Bakery are the places which can protect the people from hoarding down prices, on account of their possibility to get the flour and other stuffs by carloads.
 Patronize our bread, and we will knock down prices in spite of the present abnormal conditions.

PROGRESS BAKERY

ASSESSMENT NOTICE NO. 7.

CASH BOY CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.
 Location of principal place of business, Carson City, Nevada. Location of mine and works, Tonopah, New County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of November, 1917, an assessment of one cent per share of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to E. H. Mead, secretary, at the company's office, room 201, Nixon building, Reno, Nevada.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of December, 1917, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, January 15th, 1918, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of Board of Directors, E. H. MEAD, Secretary, Reno, Nevada. N13-D15

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R. J. Highland, Mgr.